Middletown Transcript.

VOL. VI. MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 31, 1873. NO. 22.

Professional.

JOHN A. REYNOLDS,
Notary Public,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

J. M. WILLIAMSON,
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,
11 AND 12 EXCHANGE BUILDING,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

DR. THOMAS H. GILPIN,
Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of
DENTAL SURGERY,
HAVING located in Middletown, and succeeded Dr. J. J. Vanderford, respectfully offers his professional services to the public.

THOMAS S. DUNNING, A. M. M. D.
Homœopathic Physician,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Has removed to Broad Street, opposite the Middletown Academy.
Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M.
" " 1 to 3 P. M.
dec 3—tf " " 6 to 7 P. M.

JAS. A. BUCHANAN,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
NO. 41 ST. PAUL STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and adjacent Counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and also in the Supreme Court of the United States and of the District of Columbia. And attends to the
Collection of Claims against the Government
in the Court of Claims of the United States, and before the various Departments in Washington, D. C. [mar1-1y

REYNOLDS & CO.,
No. 915 Market Street,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.
Conveyancers, Surveyors, Real Estate Agents,
Collectors of Accounts, Bills, &c.
Houses and Lands rented, and rents collected; Loans negotiated; Titles examined; Deeds, Bonds, Mortgages, and other Legal papers carefully drawn, and supervised by counsel permanently retained. Correspondence solicited.
Reference furnished.
REYNOLDS & CO.,
No. 915 Market Street,
Jan 11—6mos Wilmington, Del.

DENTISTRY.
J. J. VANDERFORD, D. D. S.
Graduate of the Pennsylvania College of
DENTAL SURGERY.
DELAWARE CITY, DELAWARE.
REFERENCES.
Hon. H. G. S. Key, St. Mary's co, Md.
Hon. B. G. Harris, " " "
Col. C. Billingslea, " " "
Dr. F. C. Neale, " " "
Joseph H. Key, Esq. " " "
Hon. B. T. Biggs, New Castle co. Del.
Rev. John Patton, D. D. " "
Rev. J. C. McCabe, D. D. " "
Hon. Hiram McCullough, Cecil county, md.
Rev. Henry Matthews, " " "
Hon. Geo. Earle, late Ass't. Post. Gen'l.
may 13—tf

THOMAS MASSEY, JR.
CLOCK AND WATCH MAKER,
Main Street, next door to National Hotel
Middletown, Delaware
CLOCKS, Watches, Jewelry, &c. neatly and promptly repaired.
Always on hand and for sale, Clocks, Watches, Plated Ware, Forks, Spoons, Silver Napkin Rings, Silver Thimbles, Salt, Sugar and Tea Spoons, Butter Knives, Gold Breast-Pins, Ear-Rings, Finger-Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Watch Chains, Watch Keys, Key Rings, Steel Watch Chains, &c.
AGENT FOR
DeVINNY'S SPECTACLES.
Dec. 12—tf.

M. E. DICKSON,
No. 35½ SOUTH EIGHTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
DEALER IN
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
SOLID STERLING
Silver and Plated Ware
Suitable for Holiday Presents.
N. B.—Fine selection of 18 Kt. Wedding Rings on Hand.
Gold, Silver and Steel Spectacles to suit all ages.
Dec. 10—tf

NATIONAL HOTEL,
Opposite R. R. Depot,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.
HAVING taken the above well-known house, I am prepared to accommodate my friends and the public generally in first-class style and at reasonable rates.
The Bar will always be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Segars.
Patronage solicited. JOHN A. MORTON,
Proprietor,
Formerly of the Arch Street House, Phila.
Apr 12-6m

E. E. COCHRAN. JOHN NIX. J. C. HUNT.
COCHRAN, NIX & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Commission Merchants,
IN
FRUITS AND PRODUCE,
NO. 66 PARK PLACE, N. Y.
Jan. 4—1y.

Select Poetry.

"Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall."

This poem was found by a Confederate soldier in a deserted house on the Peninsula of Virginia, and published in the Southern Amaranth, after the war.

If this were all—O! if this were all,
That into each life *some* rain must fall,
There were fainter sobs in the poet's rhyme,
There were fewer wrecks on the shores of time.

But tempests of woe pass over the soul,
Since winds of anguish we cannot control;
And shock after shock we are called to bear.
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are strewn,
Unto the ear comes every moan;
Wrecks of hope that set sail with glee,
Wrecks of love sinking silently.

Many are hid from the human eye,
Only God knoweth how deep they lie;
Only God heard when arose the cry,
Help me to bear—O! help me to die.

"Into each life some rain must fall,"
If this were all—O! if this were all;
Yet there's a refuge from storm and blast,
Gloria Patri—we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,
The pearl in the wounded shell doth lie,
Days of sunshine are given to all,
Though "into each life *some* rain must fall."

Select Story.

JOHN WARD'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BY ELIZA EDMONDS ANTHONY.

John Ward was a very uncommon man. Not content with attending to his own business out of doors, he sought also to attend to his wife's indoors, much to that lady's disgust. Every bar of soap, every pound of tea used, he kept an account of—not that he was stingy, but he believed in saving in every way, whether it interfered with comfort or not; and it nearly drove his meek wife crazy to see him, nearly every morning, come into the kitchen and tell her not to use too much wood—she might as well cook with a little as so much.

On this particular morning he came down stairs as the clock was striking seven, and a pleasant sight met his eyes as he opened the dining-room door. On the well laden table, with its covering of snowy damask, and neat, shining silverware, were hot rolls, light rolls, light bread, golden butter, nice hot beefsteak and eggs, and a plate of crispy brown potatoes. He nodded approval at his wife who had been working over the stove, nearly an hour, to prepare a breakfast that he would be satisfied with.

"These rolls are heavy, Maggie; I do wish you could make them like mother used to," said Mr. Ward, as he broke open a snowy roll that happened to be hardly done.

"Are they not done? I am sorry; but I was so busy broiling the meat that I did not notice them close enough," was her reply.

"But you ought to notice everything; and here, this beefsteak, is not half cooked. I believe I could do better than that myself," were the next impatient words.

"I wish to gracious you would, and then perhaps you would be suited," was the hasty reply.

"Well don't get angry about it; but really, Maggie, you use a good deal of sugar. Here I bought a lot of it last week, and now it is nearly gone. I don't see where it goes to," said Mr. Ward again. This time there was no reply, and looking around, he found to his amazement, he was talking to the chairs; for Mrs. Ward, tired beyond endurance, had fled up stairs to indulge in that luxury for women, a good cry.

"Really, she acts very singularly. I wonder what I said to make her go off in that way," he said to himself, in surprise; and rising, he went down stairs. She was not there; then up stairs, where he found Mrs. Ward lying on the bed, asleep or pretending to be. "Why, here she's asleep again, and not out of bed two hours yet," he said, more to himself than to her, as he stooped and kissed her cheek, which was hot and feverish.

"I hope she is not going to be sick," he thought, as he went down stairs. He then brushed his hat, put on his overcoat, and started off to his business, not expecting to be home until dinner time.

No sooner had he gone than Mrs. Ward rose, saying to herself, "Now this has got to be stopped. I can't and won't stand this everlasting fault-finding. If John Ward or any other man thinks he can do better than I do at housekeeping, let him try, and I think it will be a good lesson to him to mind his own business and let me attend to mine. I have a plan now to cure him, if anything will."

What it was may be found in the sequel.

John Ward came home at twelve, expecting to find a good warm dinner ready, and a meek wife to wait upon him. Instead, what a sight met his astonished eyes, as he opened the door. The breakfast dishes were standing just as he had left them in the morning, only the cat had upset the milk, and it had soaked into the carpet. The stove was cold, and, worse than all, where was his wife? He rushed up stairs, two steps at a time, at the risk of breaking his neck, and there lying on the bed, was Mrs. Ward.

"Why, what's the matter Maggie? Why is not dinner ready? Are you sick?" he asked.

"One question at a time, if you please, John. I don't feel very well, and as you said this morning you could do better than I at housekeeping, I thought it would be a good chance for me to rest," she said, very sweetly.

"Thunder! O, of course, if you are sick, I can get along finely; and as I have nothing special to do at the office this afternoon I will clean up the house and let you rest," he said, trying to look as if he were pleased, when in fact he was quite the reverse.

He then went down stairs, leaving Mrs. Ward with her face buried in the pillows, whether laughing or crying he did not exactly know.

First he commenced at the dishes.

Instead of taking them to the sink, as he had seen his wife do dozens of times, he made preparation to wash them on the table. By the time he had gathered them up he found there was no warm water. Secretly blaming his stupidity, he soon had a hot fire, thinking to himself it took a good deal of wood for him to heat water as well as when his wife was cooking. He soon had hot water, and in the course of half an hour had the dishes all washed; and with the exception of cracking four tumblers by pouring boiling water over them, and making the carpet and himself soaking wet with water, he did pretty well. Then chuckling to himself that he knew housework was easy, he went down cellar to get a pan of milk. He brought it up stairs, laid it on the table, and went down the second time for the meat, which his wife always kept in the cool cellar.

Hearing a noise overhead, as of something falling, he hurried up into the kitchen, with the meat in one hand and a pan of flour in the other.

There was the pan of milk, bottom side up, on the floor, and the milk streaming in all directions, while the cat, who had done the mischief, was sitting under the stove, licking her paws as if she was very well satisfied with what she had done.

Not long, however, did puss rest; for Mr. Ward, putting the meat on a low shelf by the stove, and the pan of flour on top of the stove, which was nearly red hot, took the broom and threw it at her; that was followed by the boot jack, and at last Mr. Ward chased her out of the front door. Then, thinking of the meat and flour, he rushed into the kitchen by one door as a large, lean dog rushed out of the other, with that cherished piece of meat in his mouth. John Ward chased that dog down to the gate without getting near him; then, returning, he smelt something burning.

In an instant he thought of the pan of flour he had left on the top of the stove.

"Confound it! The stove must have been hot!" he muttered.

Well, no need to describe that flour. It only took him half an hour to see that he could not get that pan in a presentable state again. He then threw it over the fence, devoutly hoping his wife would not find it, and give him a lecture about wasting so much flour, and spoiling a pan. His words to his wife that morning still rang in his ears: "You ought to notice everything. I could do better at housekeeping myself."

Somehow it did not seem so easy as he had thought; and now he began to feel hungry, not having had a bite to eat since breakfast.

He went to the cupboard and looked for the rolls and bread. They were gone and the closet looked empty.

A bright thought flashed into his head. He would make some light biscuits and then bring his wife down to the table, and surprise her with a good supper.

"I will put some potatoes on first, as they are so easy to cook," so saying he pared some of the largest potatoes he could find, and put them in a saucepan, on the stove. He then hunted up an old apron of his wife's, and proceeded to make light biscuits, "like mother used to make them." They say "the proof of the pudding is in the eating it," so we will only observe that the biscuits looked very nice, when he put them in the oven.

Ever since he had commenced them, he thought he smelt something burning; but just as he shut the oven door, pop! pop! went something on the stove; and the top and bottom of the saucepan parted company, and a lot of black, burned potatoes rolled over the floor. "Confound it! I forgot to put any water in the saucepan! I can't think of everything at once," he growled, and just then he thought that if he couldn't think of every thing at once, how could his wife? and she never had burned the potatoes, either. He picked the potatoes up, burning his fingers as he did so, and threw them and the saucepan over that very convenient fence. Hearing the clock strike, he looked up and saw it was five o'clock.

"Why, how long it takes to do a little thing. Maggie always had everything tidied up by three," he said, ruefully looking around at the cluttered-up room.

"I'll run out and buy some meat for supper," he next thought, and off he started. He soon came back with a parcel under his arm. "What made everybody look at me so queerly?" he said, going to the looking-glass and surveying himself. And no wonder that people looked at him, for on his face was a streak of soot, and his arm was white with flour.

"I'm blessed if I don't wish I had let Maggie cook, and minded my own business," he muttered.

In about half an hour he had the table set, and things looked ready for supper; though to be sure, the table looked rather untidy, as he had spilled some gravy on the cloth, and the floor was spotted all over with grease. The biscuits were on the table, but looked as if they had not "raised" much, and the meat was flanked on one side by a plate of jelly, and on the other by a few apples. He had forgotten the tea until the last minute, and hastily poured some warm water on about a teaspoonful of tea leaves. Mr. Ward then went up stairs, one step at a time now, for to tell the truth he was a little doubtful about the success of his supper.

He found his wife before the glass, putting the finishing touches to her toilet. She had changed her morning dress for a crimson merino, and in her glossy hair was a knot of crimson ribbon. "I felt better and put this dress on to do honor to your supper, John," she said, sweetly, though mischief sparkled in her eyes. "You look nice enough to kiss, Maggie," he said, at the same time suiting the action to the word. Leading her down to supper, he placed her at the head of the table, and taking his own seat, proceeded to pour out the tea.

Mrs. Ward looked carefully into her cup, where there were about three tea leaves floating in water; and then looking at her husband, said: "You surely did not forget to boil the water before you made the tea, did you, John?"

John stammered, and finally said: "Well—yes—I believe I did forget about that; but let me give you some milk instead;" and he started up for the milk, when suddenly remembering that all the milk in the house had soaked into the floor, he dropped back into his seat as if he had been shot.

"What's the matter, John? Where is the milk? I left a pan-full in the cellar, this morning," Mrs. Ward said at last.

"I—I believe—the cat upset the pan, my dear, when I was down cellar after the meat," was John Ward's meek reply.

"And where is the meat I bought yesterday?" was her next question.

"The meat? Well—a dog ran off with it while I was chasing the cat," was his subdued answer.

"Oh! and I guess you did not salt the meat, did you?"

"I forgot it, my dear; I was busy and did not notice."

"Oh! I thought you noticed everything. And what did you put in these biscuits to make them raise? If these are like mother used to make, I pity those who had to eat them," was Mrs. Ward's last shot, as she cut open a sodden, heavy bi-cuit.

"I forget to put anything in to make them raise," he said; then "hang it! I will never interfere with your housekeeping again, Maggie. It is not so easy as I thought. I know now that you understand it, and I have made a fool of myself. You will never hear any more fault-finding from me after this; and if you will never speak of this to any one, I will hire the best cook to be had, to-morrow, and buy you a new dress in the bargain. Will you promise? See! I beg your pardon for finding fault so much, and hope you will forgive me." And he actually got on his knees before her, he was so earnest.

She must have promised to forgive and forget, for the next day he brought home a handsome dress for his wife, and a good cook, who cleaned away the remains of his culinary work. And she sees to this day that John had a good lesson at keeping house.

The Geysers of Montana.

The *Montanian* says: In nearly every newspaper or magazine articles referring to the great Montana Geysers, that marvellous region has been spoken of as the "Wonders of the Yellowstone," making little or no reference in this connection to the Madison River. Drawing a conclusion from the already published accounts, the reader inevitably forms an incorrect idea of the great spouting Geysers, prismatis springs and immense boiling chalk pots, which in themselves form the real wonders so often referred to as the "Wonders of the Yellowstone." These phenomena, if phenomena they be, are not located upon the river last referred to at all, but over a dividing range of mountains twenty or twenty-five miles to the west and south of Yellowstone Falls. Indeed there is not a single Geyser on the Yellowstone River or near the lake deemed of sufficient importance to be noted down on Haydend's map of the National Park. To be sure that noble stream has its grand attractions, in a beautiful lake, literally among the clouds, being 16,000 feet above sea level, 300 miles in circumference, 25 miles its greatest breadth and with soundings of 300 feet; in its towering mountains, majestic falls, and sublime nurture planted canyons. But the crowning glory, the glittering jewel which endows the National Park with its marvellous splendor, and weaves about the awe-inspiring, mysterious veil of wonderment, is the Upper Geyser Basin, on the west branch of the Madison River. Without the existence of its incomprehensible boiling, spouting fountains of crystal liquid there would probably have been no National Park set aside, and the Old World would not now be turning its straning eyes to the (to them) almost mythical realms of the Rocky Mountains. It is not our purpose or desire to detract one jot or tittle from the attraction of the Yellowstone, but to simply secure to our own beautiful Madison her legitimate crown.

Petroleum is now used for ridding sheep and other animals of the vermin which infest their fleeces.

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Clayton, John Middleton, an American statesman, born at Dagsborough, Sussex county, Delaware, July 24, 1796, died at Dover, Kent county, November 9, 1856. He was the eldest son of James Clayton, (a descendant of Joshua of that name, who came to this country with William Penn) and Sarah Middleton, of Virginia ancestry. The pecuniary disasters that befell the country soon after the close of war of 1812, reduced his father from affluent to restricted means, and he almost despaired of educating his son, who gave evidence of talents of a high order; but he became able to place him in Yale College, where he graduated with distinction in 1815. In 1819 he completed his course of study at the Law school, and entered immediately upon the labors of his profession, in his own State. On his admission to the bar, he at once acquired a large practice, which he retained until appointed to the bench. This was achieved not less by his ability in the highest court, than by his skill before a jury. In a noted trial where he was employed to prosecute for the high offence of kidnapping, he succeeded, by his great power of cross-examination, in so convicting leading witness for the defence of falsehood that the perjurer fell at the stand; and on all occasions where the least suspicion of equivocation rested upon a witness, he was sure to exact from him the truth and the whole truth. With juries he had great power. His fine personal apdearance, ease and familiarity of address, copiousness of language, and rare powers of illustration, aided by a thorough knowledge of his case and of the feelings which influence the judgment of men, insured him the victory in all cases where the subject of the contest called those controlling qualities into full exercise. In January, 1837, he was appointed to the chief justiceship of Delaware, but resigned that office after having held it three years. From none of his decisions on the circuit was a writ of error ever taken. They, and those in the court of appeals are to be found in vol ii. of Harrington's "Reports." At the close of that book is a decision made by him in the court of general sessions, in the case of an indictment for blasphemy, in which the law upon that subject is thoroughly discussed and settled. In 1831, he was elected by the voters of Kent county, to the convention to revise the constitution of the State, and was a most active and influential member of that body. A member of what was then the Adams and afterward the whig party, he was elected to a seat in the U. S. Senate in 1829; was re-elected in 1835; resigned in 1837; was again elected in 1845; resigned in 1849, to take a seat in the cabinet, was again elected in 1853, and continued in the office until his death. The first resignation was occasioned by his acceptance from the Governor of the office of chief justice; the last by becoming secretary of State under the administration of President Taylor. Soon after he entered the senate the famous debate on Foot's resolution occurred; and, although the youngest man in the chamber, he made a speech which secured for its author a place among the leading members of that body. To the French spoliation question he also gave his attention, and made an impressive argument in favor of paying the claims. One of his most remarkable efforts was a speech delivered in 1855, against the message of President Pierce vetoing the act ceding public lands for an insane asylum, commonly known as Miss Dix's bill. During his career as chief minister of State, we negotiated the celebrated treaty of 1850, with England, commonly called the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, a convention which its friends have ever regarded as the inauguration of a new era in diplomacy, and memorable also for the debate in relation to its interpretation during the session of 1853, in which Mr. Clayton vindicated Taylor's administration, and his own character as a statesman, from the assaults made upon them, and elaborately and powerfully set forth his views as to the real meaning of the treaty. From the year 1844, Mr Clayton turned his attention to the subject of agriculture, and became a farmer upon a tract of land near New Castle, which in a very few years he made one of the most productive estates in that rich country. No man of modern American times has enjoyed a greater personal popularity in his own State than Mr. Clayton. Always accessible to the humblest as well as the highest, he secured for himself a degree of affectionate regard, which his genial disposition and unlimited conversational powers were well calculated to establish. Notwithstanding his decided political attachment and ardent advocacy of the doctrines which he espoused, his frankness of manner and evident sincerity, joined to an undisputed love of country and of republican institutions, challenged the respect of his opponents; and when he died none were more ready than they to show the estimate in which they regarded his abilities and his patriotism. In 1822, Mr. Clayton was married to the daughter of Dr. James Fisher, of Delaware who died after the birth of their second son. This affliction became interwoven with his whole existence, and he never married again. The sons both died soon after they attained manhood. Always imbued with with a strong religious faith, Mr. Clayton devoted a great part of the last years of his life to the study of the Bible, and of orthodox religious works. He died a Presbyterian.—*American Cyclopædia.*

A Man, Perhaps—but not a Brother.

The leading naturalist of the world, Prof. Agassiz, has been lecturing in San Francisco, and is reported by the San Francisco *Scientific* Press to have said:

"I have pointed out over a hundred specific differences between the bonal and nervous system of the white man and the negro. Indeed, their frames are a like in no particular. There is no bone in the negro's body which is relatively of the same shape, size, articulation, or chemically of the same composition as that of the white man. The negro's bones contain a far greater proportion of calcareous salts than those of the white man. Even the negro's blood is chemically a very different fluid from that which courses in the veins of the white man. The whole physical organization of the negro differs quite as much from the white man's as it does from that of the chimpanzee—that is, in his bones, muscles, nerves and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much farther to progress to become a white man. This fact science inexorably demonstrates.

"Climate has no more to do with the difference between the white man and the negro than it has with that between the negro and the chimpanzee, or it has between the horse and the ass, or the eagle and the owl. Each is a distinct and separate creation. The negro and the white man were created as specifically different as the owl and the eagle. They were designed to fill different places in the system of nature. The negro is no more a negro by accident or misfortune than the owl is the kind of a bird he is by accident or misfortune. The negro is no more the white man's brother than the owl is the sister of the eagle, or the ass the brother of the horse. How stupendous, and yet how simple, is the doctrine that the Almighty maker of the universe has created different species of men, just as He has different species of lower animals, to fill different places and offices in the grand machinary of nature."

The same views, remarks the Macon *Telegraph*, were long ago expressed by eminent scientific men in the Southern States of America, and some ten or twelve years ago were boldly defended by a distinguished member of the British Scientific Association in London. The facts, if they are facts, are pregnant with the most important political and social deductions—which are sufficiently obvious.

A paragraph is in circulation in which it is stated that Prof. Agassiz denies having ever stated that there is a chemical difference between the blood of the white and black man. We are not sure that the denial is authorized by the Professor. Whether it is or not, the alleged difference would be perfectly consistent with the other physical differences mentioned in his lecture, as reported by the San Francisco paper.

PROPOSED PRESBYTERIAN UNION.—The address on Saturday of the Rev. Dr. Baird, of the Cumberland Presbyterians, whose General Assembly is now in session at Huntsville, Ala., to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States in session in Baltimore, bearing a proposal for organic union between the two bodies, and the appointment by the latter of a committee to confer with the Assembly at Huntsville looking to the consummation of that end, possess an important bearing upon the future of the Presbyterian Church. The difference between these two bodies have been slight, and as indicated in the remarks of Dr Baird, there is reason to hope that the Southern Presbyterian Church, as represented in the Assembly at Little Rock, Arkansas, whose distinctive title is merely a matter of a proposition—"The Presbyterian Church *of* the United States," while the body in session here employs the phrase "*in* the United States"—will ere long also become united with this body, and that "there will be but one Presbyterian Church." The differences now existing between the Northern and Southern Presbyterians are such, it is believed, as may easily accommodate. So far as difference may have grown out of the asperities of the late civil war, there is scarcely any reason to doubt that there is an abundence of true Christian spirit on both sides to enable them to agree now upon burying the dead things of the past and uniting efforts, influence and means in a common course. The proposals looking to concerted action with the Southern Church in the missionary work in Florida is a forcible though but a solitary instance of the value of general harmony. Such a union on the part of this or of any other extensive and similarly divided organization can have only a good effect upon the country as well as upon the denomination interested.—*Baltimore Sun.*

READ AN HOUR A DAY.—There was a lad who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soap-dealer. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate, and he had on old silver watch, left him by his uncle, which he timed his reading by. He stayed seven years with his master, and it was said when he was twenty-one he knew as much as the young squire did. Now, let us see how much time he had to read in, in seven years, at the rate of one hour a day. It would be 2,555 hours, which at the rate of eight hours a day, would be equal to 310 days; equal to 45 weeks; nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. I am sure it is worth trying for.

Try what you can do. Begin now. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and profitable you ever performed.—*Guiding Star.*

Wit and Humor.

The Salary Steal.

Uncle Sam had a roost for his hens,
Where they roosted by thousand and ten.
The motion to rob it was Ben's.

"Hired men of my Uncle, I feel,"
Said Ben, in a solemn appeal,
"Low wages do tempt us to steal."

The force of this moral idee
Was so mighty and powerful, you see,
Not to do it they couldn't agree.

So the hearties they gave Ben a boost,
And his fingers they suddenly noosed
Two pullets per man from the roost.

Uncle Sam is now watching the spot,
To discover a man who will not
Go home with a *fowl* in his pot.

—*Elizur Wright.*

Don't Call a Man a Liar.

Never tell a man he is a liar unless you are certain that you can lick him, for as a general rule when you say that, it means fight.

I have arrived at this conclusion through sad exyerience. I know that it is not safe to give the lie to a muscular Christian.

I did it once. I am sorry for it as I never grieved for anything else in the whole course of my life.

We were standing on the sidewalk, in front of the club, when I made the statement. We were talking politics, and men who talk politics, and get hot over it, are, to put it mildly, lunatics, or else want an office, or have some friend who wants an office.

This man made an assertion touching the fair fame of my candidate. It is probable if it had been as true as it was false, I should have taken the same course, because, you understand, a man who talks politics has no sense, anyhow. I think I said this before, but it is all the same. I want to make it strong, and get you to understand how I got my ornamental eye.

I mildly suggested that a man who would make such a statement as that was lost to all sense of shame, and would be guilty of and bad crime.

He disagreed with me upon that point. As for himself, he never made a statement except upon the most ample proof. My candidate was the meanest villian living. I told him he lied.

I have been kicked by a mule; have fallen out of a second story window on a hard pavement; eaten green persimmons; heard Miss —— read poetry for two hours and a half; skated; rode sharp-backed horse of mustang parentage, an adept in the art of "bucking;" suffered grief of various kinds, and still clung to life; but all of these are feathers in the balance as compared with the result of that little word liar!

Immediately after saying it, I sat down—not in the way people usually sit down. I sat down on the rim of my ear, ten feet from the spot where I had been standing when I made use of the expression quoted above. I am not used to sitting in that position, and I do not think it agrees with me.

I have heard of people who got up on their ear," and walked off. I wished I knew how to do it; I would have propelled myself away from the spot immediately if I had possessed this happy faculty. I proceeded to get myself perpendicular, intending to use the locomotion which Nature had given me, but when I came right side up, something heavy ran against my nose and I felt very tired. I sat down on my other ear. I like a change, it is too monotonous doing the same thing over and over again.

Somebody took my large friend away, and I was quite pleased when he was gone I have concluded to look twice at a man before I give him the lie again. My eye is in mourning, my nose swelled into the size of a citron, with the color of a blush rose, and my clothes looked as if they had been run through a patent sausage machine.

I would not have that man's temper for anything in the world.

When Colonel Henry Wilson was in Boston, raising a regiment, a little fellow one day presented himself at headquarters and asked for a commission. "Have you seen service?" asked Colonel W. "Yes Colonel. I was in the three months' service." "Were you in the battle of Bull Run?" "I was, Colonel." Col. Wilson had a delicate vein of humor in him, so, winking at his staff, he asked, "And did you run well?" "I used diligence, Col. I did the best I could, but I couldn't keep up with you in that hack." And there was another laugh.

Elder Knapp, the great revivalist of religion down in Arkansas, when about to baptize a new convert called out in a loud voice, "Does any one know any reason why this man should not be baptized?" and to his surprise a long specimen of an Arkansas traveler shouted in response, "see here Mister Preacher, I don't want to interfere in that 'ere business of you s, but if you expect to get the sin out of that old cuss you will have to anchor him out in the river over night.

A judge in remanding a criminal, called him a scoundrel. The prisoner replied, Sir, I am not as big a scoundrel as your honor—here the culprit stopped, but finally added—takes me to be. Put your words closer together, said the judge.

An outward-bound bark—A dog's.

Agricultural.

Raising Corn.

From "Rural" in Chicago Tribune.

After several years of trial, I have found the following to be, if not the best, a good method for the management of this crop:

Turf-land may be plowed early, and in any condition as regards moisture; for the great number of small roots of the turf prevents the soil from baking or running together; this, on heavy clay soils, is of no small importance. On old land we must be careful to have the land in good condition; for, in case it is a heavy clay, and we plow it when wet, it is ruined for that season, if not two of them. We may plow it any time after the frost is out, providing the conditions named are present. If too early for planting, it should be left in the condition that the plow placed it. The weeds will spring up; for many of these germinate at a low temperature. Before planting, it has been customary to destroy these weeds by harrowing; but this is not essential, and we can proceed with the planting, provided that the land is sufficiently level and pulverized. After the corn has fairly sprouted, and is nearly ready to come to the surface, is the proper time to dispose of the first crop of weeds. This is done by the use of the harrow, by giving it a thorough working. By this means, the first crop of weeds is destroyed, and the soil opened to the influence of the sun, air, and moisture. On a finely-comminuted surface, the falling rain sinks into the apparently thirsty soil, and at once parts with its plant-food, and the young plant is wonderfully stimulated in its growth. This is, in fact, the first culture of the plant; for it at once appears through the surface, with its blades of deep green, and in a few days the plants will have their blades in line of march for the cultivator, before the second crop of weeds more than make their appearance. The corn stands off so stiff, with its vigorous growth, that the finely-pulverized earth may be sifted in among the plants, and thus smother the young weeds; and this is the second working of the crop. After this the way is easy, and the workings should be weekly, as near as possible, until the tassels begin to appear, when the cultivator no longer is used. We often cultivate too late in the season, and destroy the roots that run near the surface, and thus check the growth of the plant. I have seen, on a sultry day, the leaves of the corn roll together as the cultivator passed through it, row after row, and the crop seriously damaged. Many of our farmers understand this, and aim to push the crop into vigorous growth in the fore part of the season. It has often proved an advantage to the crop, when the farmer has been so long busy that it was impossible to cultivate his corn "the last."

We can plant much earlier than it is generally supposed to be safe from frost. The Spring frosts seldom do more than check the growth of the young corn.—But if we plant early, we must be careful and plant shallow, or the seed may rot in the ground. As a general rule, the early planted corn produces the best crop.

When to Prune.

There is less correct knowledge among cultivators of the habits and nature of growth of trees, than in any other department of farming. With regard to pruning, there is one infallible rule, namely, never prune a tree when the saw you are using will keep bright. That proves that the pores of the wood are full of thin sap. If they are then cut, the sap will run out. When shall we prune? When the sap is thick and will gum up the saw, so that it will need washing once in two or three hours. The thin sap has then ascended to swell the buds, and expand the blossoms and leaves, and having performed its required labors there, what portion remains—but in a thickened form—returns down under the outside bark, and increase the diameter. The sap vessels are now comparatively empty, and the tree can be pruned, if judiciously done without much injury. Shortening-in trees is another matter. That may be done in most trees at any time, without much harm, as none of the large vessels are cut and the leaves below the place cut would be likely to absorb the passing sap. The downward motion of the sap takes place about the middle of June. Then the sap vessels are comparatively empty. After the leaves have fallen in the autumn, they are in a similar condition.—*New England Farmer.*

Merino sheep were brought into France in 1776, and kept under charge of the Government for the improvement of the stock of the country. Bonaparte, in his liberal policy towards agriculture, greatly increased the number of societies, established professorships, botanical gardens, &c., all of which concurred to elevate the study of agriculture in the estimation of those capable of bringing to its aid the principles of the abstract sciences, and this tendency has influence the scientific minds of France to the present day, though strange to say, the practice of the country has not kept pace with the development of theory, and in many of the departments the methods adopted and the implements used are extremely rude. This is owing partly to the division of property, the holding, as a general thing, being very small.

PUMPKINS.—These make excellent succulent feed for cows, and can be readily grown in with the corn. The earlier they are planted the better. Give each hill a shovel full of good manure, keep them clean and look out for the striped bug, which infests them. These destructive insects may be kept off, it is said, by dusting the vines when the dew is upon them in the morning, with mixture composed of one bushel of ashes, 1-2 do. of plaster, and 1 pound each of sulphur and Scotch snuff. Hand picking is a sure way of getting rid of them.

A Wife or a Life.

Scott, of Harden, one of the ancestors of Walter Scott, was a famous border thief, and at one time when he had either spoiled the neighboring English of all their cattle or frightened them all away, he began to fear that from disuse he might become less expert at the honorable trade he pursued; and to keep his hand in, amused himself with driving the cattle oer' one of his own countrymen and neighbors, Murry, of Elibank. Murry soon found means of revenging himself, and brought Scott, his followers, his cattle, &c., all prisoners to Elibank Castle. On the walls was sitting his wife, who, perceiving the train that followed him, asked what he meant to do with Scott.

"Why, hang him, to be sure," was the answer.

The more prudent wife exclaimed:

"What! hang such a winsome mannie as Harden, when we have three such sorry damsels at home."

Murry was pursuaded by his wife, and sending for one of his daughters, whose ugly face and immense mouth had acquired for her the name of Mag o'-mouth, Murry proposed to Scott to marry her, leaving no other alternative but the halter. The unfortunate prisoner most ungallantly refused the lady; and the tradition says that it was not till the rope was tied to the tree, and he began to feel it tighten, that he repented. He was married, and sorrowfully bent his steps homeward, taking with him his ugly wife.

Ice That Never Melts.

A party of gentlemen, while walking around the farm of Major J. T. Webb, near Linden, in Perry county, came upon the mouth of a celebrated cave there and concluded to enter. Procuring lights, they entered the cave, and after proceeding some seventy-five feet, upon turning an angle they beheld to their astonishment the whole interior of the cave festooned with the most beautiful stalagmites the eye of man ever beheld. Holding up their lights they gazed upon the beautiful sight with pleased astonishment, and upon a nearer approach they found the stalagmites to resemble the hardest, clearest ice, as cold as the touch of the ice-king himself. Becoming by this time chilled thro' with the coldness of the place, each of the gentlemen broke off a lump of this strange wonder and started to return. Before reaching the mouth of the cavern their hands were so chilled they could scarcely hold on to the strange substance, and upon reaching the outer air they laid it down upon the ground, thinking it would soon become the temperature of the atmosphere. After resting fifteen minutes, they started for Mr. Webb's residence, each carrying, as best he could, his lump of rock ice.—And finding that it would not melt in the open air, they put it into water, only to find that it covered the glass pitcher with moisture similar to that produced by ice. It was also tried in milk and upon butter, and in each instance was found to supply the place of ice in every particular. Its use is becoming general in the neighborhood.—*Tennessee Paper.*

Dry Goods and Groceries

SEE! SEE!!

HEAVY BOOTS from $2.50 and Upwards
FINE " " 2.25 " "
GENUINE KID GLOVES, 50 cts. to $1.00.
WOMENS' AND CHILDRENS' SHOES, *al GRADES AND PRICES.*
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
LARGE VARIETY OF CASSIMERES,
LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS,
BROWN AND BLEACHED MUSLIN,
WOOL AND COTTON FLANNELS,
GOOD INGRAIN CARPET, 60 to 65 cts.
GOOD HEMP CARPET, 30 to 37½ cts.
WHITE AND GRAY BLANKETS,
LAP ROBES AND HORSE BLANKETS,
LARGE ARCHED LOOKING GLASSES,
INSERTING AND EDGING.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
HATS AND CAPS.
ALL KINDS OF
GROCERIES.
FULL LINE OF
Notions, Hardware and Queensware.

☞ As good a Sewing Machine as int he market; much below the usual price; every one warranted for five years, for Sale and to Hire on easy terms. Liberal discount for cash.
G. W. W. NAUDAIN.
Oct. 19—tf.

NEW STOCK
OF
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS,
Just received and to be be sold at low prices
FOR CASH.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
Grenadines 12½ to 50 cts. Japanese Plaids and Mohairs; very low.
MOURNING GOODS.
CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES,
Ladies Hair Braids and Neck-Ties,
MEN' and BOYS'
READY MADE CLOTHING,
New styles of Hats and Caps,
Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters, cheap;
800 YARDS CARPETING,
GUNS, PISTOLS AND CARTRIDGES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES, OIL CLOTH SUITS,
Gum Overcoats, Looking Glasses, Summer Horse Covers, Lap Cloths, Ladies' and Children's Vests,
and all goods usually kept in a country store.
☞ All buyers are respectfully invited to give us a call and examine our goods and prices.
S. R. STEPHENS & CO.
may 3—tf. Middletown, Del.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

CHEAP
STORE!!
HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF GOODS CONSISTING, IN PART, OF
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
BOOTS,
SHOES,
HATS,
CAPS,
QUEENSWARE,
WOOD & WILLOW WARE,
EARTHEN & STONE WARE.
FISH, MEATS,
READY-MADE
CLOTHING,
And in fact everything usually kept in a
FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY STORE,
All of which we should be pleased to have you
CALL AND EXAMINE.
NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.
TERMS CASH!!!
J. F. ELIASON,
CHEAP STORE,
Middletown, Del.
apr 27—tf

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to his
Large and Well-Selected Stock of
GOODS,
Consisting in part of
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES, BOOTS,
Shoes, Hats, Hardware,
Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Earthen and Stone Ware.
FISH, MEATS, &c.
And everything usually kept in a
FIRST CLASS COUNTRY STORE,
All of which have been selected with care, and will be
SOLD AT PRICES
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TIMES.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere
NO CHARGE
FOR SHOWING GOODS.
Charles Tatman Jr.
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
apr. 9—tf

LOOK AT THIS!
SCOWDRICK & ELIASON,
RESPECTFULLY call the attention of the Public to their large Fall and Winter Stock of Goods, comprising all the latest styles of
DRESS GOODS,
TRIMMINGS,
and NOVELTIES.
A handsome assortment of
SHAWLS,
ALL STYLES AND PRICES, from $1.25 to $15.00.
A full line of
CASSIMERES and COATINGS,
KERSEYS, &c. &c.
A large line of
Ready Made Clothing,
MEN'S BOOTS,
OF ALL STYLES AND PRICES,
Among which we have the Pride of Delaware, the best Winter Boot ever offered to this trade.
A Full line of
LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDRENS'
Custom Work, direct from Fillett & Griers factory.
Also a general assortment of
Groceries and Provisions
In fact every thing that may be found in a first class retail Store. These goods have been selected with great care, and will be sold extremely low for cash. Call and see us, and save money.
SCOWDRICK & ELIASON,
Oct. 5—tf. Middletown, Del.

MADE TO ORDER AND WARRANTED A TRUE FIT.
PERFECT FITTING, COMFORT, EASE AND ELEGANCE.
Send for self-measurement circular.
J. P. DOUGHTEN,
may 29-tf 410 Market st. Wilmington, Del.

Medical.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor, and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For Liver Complaint and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers,** they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For Dysentery or Diarrhœa, but one mild dose is generally required.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back, and Loins, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsy and **Dropsical Swellings,** they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Suppression, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
For sale by CHAS. TATMAN,
Middletown, Del.

Ayer's
Hair Vigor,
For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, fallen hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning grey or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.
For sale by CHAS. TATMAN,
Middletown, Del.

BLATCHLEY'S
Improved Cucumber Wood Pump.

BTASTELESS, Durable, Efficient and Cheap. The best Pump for the least money. Attention is especially invited to Blatchley's Patent Improved Bracket and New Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without removing the Pump or disturbing the joints. Also the Copper Chamber, which never cracks or scales, and will outlast any other. For sale by Dealers everywhere. Send for Catalogue and Price-List.
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, M'f'r,
506 Commerce St. Philada., Pa.

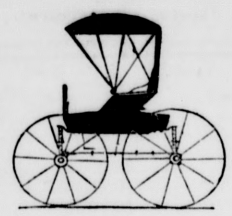
☞ For Sale by J. B. FENIMORE & CO., Agents. Middletown, Delaware.
Oct. 12—1y

MIDDLETOWN IRON FOUNDRY
AND
MACHINE SHOP.
PLOWS and Plow Castings, Machine Castings of all kinds on hand or made to order.
Particular attention given to Repairing Machinery. Cash for old Iron.
WM. L. BUCKE & SON,
Jan 4-tf Founders and Machinists.

For SASSAFRAS RIVER.
THE steamer "TRUMPETER" being now in complete order, will resume her trips on Saturday, the 1st of March, 1873, leaving Pier No. 5, Light street wharf, Baltimore, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10½ A. M., arriving in Georgetown at 4 P. M. Returning will leave Georgetown the alternate days at 8 A. M., arriving in Baltimore at 2 P. M.; touching at Buck Neck, Barnards, Betterton, Turner's Creek, Cassidays, Shallcross, and Fredericktown, going and returning.
We sincerely trust that the friendly relations hitherto existing between the steamer Trumpeter, her patrons, and the public generally, may never grow less; for the perpetuation of which we will ever be found striving our very best.
mar1-1y WM. CUNDIFF, Capt.

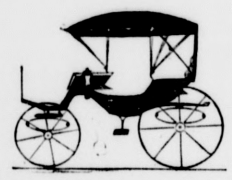
Carriages.

J. M. COX & BRO.,



MIDDLETOWN, DEL.,
MANUFACTURE
ALL KINDS OF
CARRIAGES
A large Stock now on hand.
☞ All work warranted. [apr5-tf

CARRIAGES.
CARRIAGES.



GREAT inducements are offered to persons wanting good carriages at
ALEXANDER & SON'S
Carriage Works,
DELAWARE CITY, DEL.
They wish to inform their old customers and the public generally that they have on hand and make to order
CARRIAGES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
and warranted to be of the best quality, which they offer at reasonable prices.
May 18—y

FRANCIS DUGGAN,
St. Georges, Del.
MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGES
OF ALL KINDS.
Repairing done in a neat and substantial manner.
Patronage solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Jan. 7—1y.

Iron in the Blood
PERUVIAN SYRUP
AN IRON TONIC
MAKES THE WEAK STRONG.
The Peruvian Syrup, a Protected Solution of the Protoxide of Iron, is so combined as to have the character of an aliment, as easily digested and assimilated with the blood as the simplest food. It increases the quantity of Nature's Own Vitalizing Agent, Iron in the blood, and cures "a thousand ills," simply by Toning up, Invigorating and Vitalizing the System. The enriched and vitalized blood permeates every part of the body, repairing damages and waste, searching out morbid secretions, and leaving nothing for disease to feed upon.
This is the secret of the wonderful success of this remedy in curing Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Chronic Diarrhœa, Boils, Nervous Affections, Chills and Fevers, Humors, Loss of Constitutional Vigor, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, Female Complaints, *and all diseases originating in a bad state of the blood, or accompanied by debility or a low state of the system. Being free from Alcohol, in any form, its energizing effects are not followed by corresponding reaction, but are permanent, infusing strength, vigor, and new life into all parts of the system, and building up an Iron Constitution.*
Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy, from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.
See that each bottle has PERUVIAN SYRUP *blown in the glass.*
Pamphlets Free.
SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Proprietors,
No. 1 Milton Place, Boston.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.
mar 22-1y

KNABE PIANOS!

Marshall and Smith's Pianos, C. Meyrs' Pianos, J. Bauer's Pianos, and others.
Prince & Co.'s Organs, Smith's American Organs, New England Organs, Stools and Covers.
Sold for cash or on Monthly Instalments, only by Robelen & Bro. Wholesale and Retail Agents for Delaware, and Dealers in all kinds of Musical Instruments, Strings &c. &c.
Sheet Music, Church and Sunday School Books, Instruction Books for all Instruments. Send for Illustrated Catalogues and Price List to
ROBELEN & BRO.,
710 MARKET ST. Wilmington, Del.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.
We are now offering to buyers of
DRESS GOODS,
SILKS, HERNANIS,
AND "PARIS MADE"
LADIES' LINEN, LAWN, OR SWISS
SUITS,
UNUSUAL INDUCEMENTS,
Comprising Choice Styles and Lines of
SEASONABLE FABRICS,
From the best Continental manufacturers, at PRICES THAT CANNOT FAIL TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.
GRANVILLE WORRELL,
MASONIC TEMPLE,
820 and 822 Market Street, Wilmington.
Feb. 29—1y

228 E. MOORE, 228
Manufacturer of FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING
FOR MEN AND BOYS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING
ON HAND, MADE UP IN THE LATEST STYLE AND BEST MANNER.
ALSO, A GREAT VARIETY OF
PIECE GOODS, for Order Work.
Apr 22—1y 228 MARKET ST. Wilmington, Del.

MIDDLETOWN STOVE HOUSE
JOHN B. ROBERTS,
TAKES pleasure in announcing to his friends of Middletown and surrounding country, that he has taken the Tin and Stove Store of the late S. W. Roberts, and offers to the public the largest and best selected stock of Stoves, both Cooking and Heating, ever offered in Middletown, and at prices that cannot fail to please. Among the assortment are the following
COOK STOVES.
NIAGARA, PARLOR COOK, MONITOR
CORAL COOK, WM. PENN, LEHIGH,
and others made in the city.
PARLOR STOVES.
BRILLIANT, DEW DROP,
GAS BURNING BASE, UNION AIR TIGHT
PARLOR LIGHT, OUR PARLOR.
Also, SEXTON'S PARLOR HEATERS.
Stoves of all kinds suitable for Stores, Offices, Bar-rooms, and School Houses.
Also, the Morning Glory and the Oriental, both unsurpassed in beauty and efficiency. They can be seen in operation at the store of the proprietor.
All sizes of Bar-room Stoves and Ten-plate Stoves repaired at short notice.
Old Stoves taken in exchange.
☞ TIN WARE at wholesale and retail. ☜
Being a practical workman, himself, he thinks he can give satisfaction to all who favor him with their work. Particular attention paid to Roofing and Spouting.
☞ ORDERS SOLICITED.
JOHN B. ROBERTS.
aug 13, 1870—y

LIGHTNING RODS.
I would respectfully extend an invitation to all in need of Lightning Rods to give me a call as I am prepared to furnish and put up at short notice a superior article of pure COPPER ROD of any length required without any jointing. It can be seen at my stove store in Middletown, Del.
☞ Old rods durably repaired.
apr 26—tf J. B. ROBERTS.

REMOVAL.
MRS. A. M. McKEE, Middletown,
Having removed from the old stand opposite the Peninsular Machine Works, to five doors east of Broad, on Main Street, would announce to the public that she has just received from the city a full line of MILLINERY GOODS and Trimmings of the latest styles. Thankful for past patronage she respectfully solicits the favor of a call.
apr 26-3m*

MIDDLETOWN ACADEMY
First-Class Boarding and Day School.
FACULTY.
HUDSON A. WOOD, A. M.
Principal and Instructor in the Higher Branches
MRS. MARY WOOD,
Preceptress of the Primary Department.
MISS MARY C. GAZLAY,
French and English Literature.
MISS CELIA A. WOOD,
Assistant in the Academical Department.
MISS LIZZIE BLACKISTON,
Instrumental Music on Piano and Organ.
☞ For full information relating to the school send for a Catalogue.
HUDSON A. WOOD, A. M.
Principal,
Middletown, Del.
Sept. 21—tf.

J. HERMANN'S
Monumental Marble Works
Corner Delaware and Union Streets,
NEW CASTLE, DEL.
Monuments, Marble and Enameled Slate Mantels,
Furnished at short notice, & on reasonable terms
REFERENCES.
M. M. CLEAVER, PHILIP R. CLARK, ANDREW ELIASON
Sept. 4—tf

NEW HOTEL
At Townsend Delaware.
TOWNSEND HOUSE.
OPEN June 1st. 1872, will accommodate the travelling public and permanent boarders at very reasonable rates. The bar will at all times be stocked with choice wines, liquors, Tobacco and Segars. Fine oysters in season. Hoping by strict attention to business to merit a liberal, share of the public patronage generally.
JAMES C. TOWNSEND,
June 8—1y. Proprie